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## VISIT TO THE ALBERT AT WOOLWICH.

DURING a late short residence in London, I experienced much gratification from a visit which I was led to pay to the Albert steamer, one of the three vessels fitted up for the contemplated expedition to the Niger.

It is generally known that the efforts of the more civilised states of Europe to suppress the slave-trade, have not by any means accomplished their object. Though a vigilant corps of cruisers is kept up on the African coast, and courts are supported at a great expense to adjudicate the seized vessels, it appears that the trade continues to be carried on with greater vigour than it was thirty years ago, and is now supposed to involve the misery of at least half a million of human beings per annum. It has latterly become the conviction of those who take a benevolent interest in the subject, that the present machinery is, from circumstances, not calculated to be successful; and that the only true means of putting down the evil is to introduce into Africa itself the commercial and moral habits of European nations, by which, it is conceived, the temptation to make a prey of each other would be taken from the people, at the same time that an inferior end might be served in the opening up of new markets for British skill and enterprise. To promote these purposes, a society was established about two years ago, consisting of all the more conspicuous opponents of slavery in the empire; and, at their entreaty, the sum of £60,000 was granted by parliament, to aid in fitting out and dispatching a preliminary expedition to the Niger. How far this money is to be considered as well bestowed, I do not propose to inquire. I only feel that the design is dear to the philanthropic mind, and that it is impossible not to sympathise with the individuals who are periling their lives in an enterprise in which the risk is confessedly so great.

The nature of the expedition being peculiar, it was found necessary to adopt peculiar means for carrying it out. The two great difficulties to be contended with are, the rocky channel of the Niger, and the malaria which prevails at the mouths of that river, and most so during the season when, from rains, the channels are most easily navigated. To overcome these difficulties, science was called in to make peculiar efforts. Three iron steamers were built at Liverpool, one of them (the Soudan) being designed for detached service, when required, up the smaller rivers, and for sounding ahead of the other two (the Wilberforce and Albert), which are of larger dimensions. The whole were fitted up and furnished in all respects as seemed most likely to secure the successful issue of the expedition, and this at an expense, I believe, considerably exceeding the amount of the parliamentary grant.

When it was proposed to me to inspect the Albert (April 15), I learned that the two other vessels had sailed some time before, and that this was expected also to leave her station in the Thames in the course of a few days, the preparations being now on the point of being completed. Seeing, therefore, that no time was to be lost, I agreed to take a letter of introduction next day to the surgeon of the vessel. Noon, accordingly, saw me on board the good ship, as she lay at her moorings opposite to the governor's house at Woolwich. Unfortunately, the surgeon was absent; but, by the kindness of the master, I saw every thing worthy of being seen, and am thus enabled to present a minute description of the vessel—a description, I may remark, which serves for the Wilberforce also, as these two vessels are precisely identical in measurement and in all other respects.

The Albert is a vessel of 440 tons, 136 feet in length of deck, and five feet nine inches of draught, furnished with two engines of 35 horse-power each, and capable of carrying fuel sufficient for fifteen days of twelve hours. She is an iron vessel—that is, the hull is completely composed of plate iron; but it may not be superfluous for many readers to state, that the deck and other parts are, as usual, of wood. Let it not be supposed by those ignorant of nautical affairs, that any peculiar danger attends such a mode of structure. There are in the Albert four partitions of iron, perfectly water-tight, thus forming the whole extent of the vessel into five distinct compartments, so that, should a breach be made any where in the part below the water, the in-rushing element would at the most fill only that compartment in which the damage took place, leaving the rest for the use of the individuals on board. There is even a further precaution, in the form of what is called in America a *snag-chamber*, namely, an empty space at the head of the vessel, designed to receive any blow from a lurking piece of timber projecting from the bottom of a river—by far the most common form of damage, we believe, in river navigation. The compartment adjoining the snag-chamber is the fore-castle, the place appropriated in all vessels for the common sailors; next is the mid-shipmen's section; next, the place for the machinery and coal; next, the cabins of the inferior officers; and last of all, nearest the stern, the captain's cabin. Of all these compartments, that for the machinery is considerably the largest, occupying nearly a third part of the extent of the ship.

I found all the apartments of the vessel roomy and agreeable. For example, the section for the officers contains a central apartment, of the size of an ordinary parlour, being designed as a common room, while around are four bed-rooms, devoted respectively to the master, surgeon, &c., the latter being not much smaller than many bed-rooms in ordinary houses. Even the fore-castle is a spacious and neatly furnished room. It contains a small library of instructive and entertaining books for the use of the men; and, with its piles of crockery, its neat presses, and other such accommodations, it looks much like a good kitchen. The vessel is furnished with an ample store of provisions, including preserved fresh meat sufficient for four months' consumption. It has an unusual store of medicines, not only that no lack may be experienced as far as the ship's company is concerned, but that the medical officers may, by the practice of their art amongst the natives, promote that respect for the civilised man which obviously will tend to advance the objects of the expedition. I was shown a few shelves full of Arabic bibles, for distribution amongst the natives. It must be understood that the expedition partakes of the missionary character. There is a minister of religion on board every vessel; and prayers are read to the crew three times a-day. At the same time, the spirit of the higher sentiments is not solely trusted to for the safety of the expedition. In the Albert, I found four mounted brass twelve-pounders upon the quarter-deck, besides a few of those colossal firelocks which can be planted on a wall or gunwale and fired in various directions. Each officer has his double-barrelled piece for his protection in excursions, as well as for the purpose of bringing down zoological specimens. I saw a goodly range of muskets for the men, and a rack containing some dozens of light cutlasses. I was also informed that the stock of powder in each vessel was not much less than three tons. On such an adventure, I apprehend, it would be found quite impossible to obtain the services of scamen without supplying them with the means of a vigorous

self-defence; but I trust it has been carefully impressed on all of how much importance it is to avoid quarrelling with the natives, and that, as far as possible, mild measures alone should be adopted. It may here be added, that the company on board amounts to about a hundred men.

I now come to advert to what is certainly the most remarkable part of the furnishings of the Albert. The malaria, it must be observed, consists of a stratum of noxious gases, which rests on the surface of the river, much after the manner of that in the celebrated Grotto del Cane at Naples; but, while the latter is only deep enough to involve dogs and such small animals, the stratum on the Niger is many feet thick, and therefore affects every person on board every vessel which enters it. When the three new vessels were laid down,\* it was contemplated that all possible medical preparation would be made to meet this danger; but there was no thought of any novel expedient being adopted for the purpose. Before, however, the construction of the vessels had gone very far, Dr D. B. Reid, well known for his successful ventilation of the House of Commons, suggested an arrangement by which the persons on board might, as he conceived, have supplies of healthy air even while in the midst of the malaria. The plans of this scientific person have consequently been adopted; and the result is a most curious and interesting example of the bearing of science on human comfort and happiness. I shall describe the apparatus as exactly as an inspection of it, and the perusal of Dr Reid's own descriptions, have enabled me to comprehend it. In the first place, a wide canvass tube, nearly a hundred feet in length, is raised into the air in connexion with the principal mast, and is so arranged that its mouth opens towards the wind. Thus air is sent down from a point about a hundred feet above the surface of the river, where it may well be supposed to be much purer than it is in the lower parts of the stratum, if not altogether as pure as air any where could be found. The tube ends in a large air-tight iron case or chamber, which stands on deck, and which is fitted up in the interior with shelves and sieves, containing chemical preparations for purifying and medicating the air. From this iron room, called the mediator, another tube descends below deck into the engine-room, where it enters a case in which there is a pair of fanners. The fanners are wrought by a crank from the steam-engine, and draw air down through the tall canvass tube and through the mediator, and propel it through smaller channels issuing into every apartment in the vessel, so as to fill these rooms with constant supplies of pure and salutary air. This is the outline of the plan, but, for clearness, I have omitted to state that there is a case with fanners at each side of the engine-room, and that each of these has a tube descending from the mediator. It is also to be added, that the channels for the admission of fresh air open through plates of zinc perforated with minute holes, so that there can be no danger from its coming in too great a stream. And not only can the air be thus made for certain pure, but it may also be supplied at any desired degree of temperature. There is a suspicion that the

\* The steamers were built by Mr John Laird of Liverpool, and I find, by a business card which has come into my hands, that he has already constructed forty such vessels, from 50 to 100 feet in length, and which are now plying in various parts of the world, including India, China, Egypt, and South America. Of the general opinion of maritime men with respect to the character of iron vessels, I am unable to give any account; but, assuredly, the division into compartments is a device worthy of general adoption in all kinds of vessels, though it might have a less chance of obviating danger in those composed of wood than in those composed of metal.

evil effects of malaria partly depend on the presence of animalcules with which the bad air is charged. To meet this peculiarity, supposing it to exist, Dr Reid has added an apparatus of steam-tubes, enclosed in a case, through which he brings the air before it enters the medicator, and which, heating the air to 212° of Fahrenheit, ensures the destruction of every particle of animal life which may be passing that way, the air being afterwards cooled down in the medicator as far as may be desired.

The process here described, consisting, it will be observed, of throwing in pure air, is called ventilation upon the *plenum* principle. It may not, however, be necessary or expedient to take such means for procuring fresh air in the apartments of the vessel. A mere drawing out of the used air of the cabins may be all that is necessary. With a view to doing this alone, Dr Reid has so arranged the apparatus, that, by merely closing one valve and opening one or two others, and causing the fanners to ply in the opposite direction, a draught is established outwards, thus clearing the rooms of every particle of superfluous carbonic acid gas which may have been formed by the lungs of the inmates, and causing a rushing in by other crannies and channels of a pure air to supply the place of that taken out. This is called ventilating upon the *vacuum* principle, or by exhaustion. It is a mode of ventilation which obviously could be introduced into all large and crowded vessels, and there can be but one opinion as to the expediency of doing so. When we consider how small is the space usually allotted for sleeping places in vessels, we cannot doubt that in them such a means of obtaining a supply of fresh air is more needed than in almost any other place. I have not the least doubt that the health of the navy would be immensely improved by the general introduction of a fanner ventilation on the vacuum plan; and I would fain hope that the exemplification of the principle on board the Niger vessels will lead to this being done.

The expedition comprehends several naturalists, whose business it will be to collect specimens of the botany and zoology of the countries visited; and it is further contemplated, as a duty of the medical officers, to make observations concerning the nature and causes of malaria, with a view to the suggestion of proper means for preventing its action in ordinary circumstances. It is conceived that, by a careful examination of the substances employed for the purification of the air, after they have been used, some light will be thrown on the character of that noxious matter which makes malaria so formidable. Already there have been many curious speculations on this subject amongst the scientific men connected with the expedition, and it will now be for them to bring their ideas to the test of actual experiment. Should this expedition, from any cause, experience less than the success which all philanthropic persons must desire for it, it will at least have done some good if it adds to our knowledge on one of the obscurest, and, at the same time, most important points in medical science.

After an examination as minute as the convenience of the officers would permit, I left the Albert with a mind deeply impressed. The scheme may be wild and visionary, as the schemes of the benevolent often are, and the money expended on it might have been no doubt devoted to a thousand purposes of more direct and certain utility. Yet it was interesting to reflect on that mixture of philanthropy with the spirit of enterprise and of commerce, which dictated the expedition; and that, after all the sad mishaps which have befallen those who have exposed themselves for the sake of Africa, there could still be found a few hundred men willing to expose themselves again in the same cause. Though not given to glorifying my country on all possible occasions, I could not but reflect with some degree of pride, that even for the woes of a barbarous people, in a remote and almost unknown continent, the heart of England could afford to throb, after providing for many sorrows nearly affecting herself. There is also much to gratify in the consideration of the many appliances which the cultivated intellect of the European has here brought to bear on a case involving immense practical difficulties. A ship of metal, yet most buoyant—a cunning device to neutralise one whole class of accidents—motive force obtained from boiling water—medical and alimentary arrangements of the most apt and efficient kind—and, finally, a plan tried for the first time for creating pure air in the midst of the

valley of the shadow of death! What an aggregation of admirable expedients, all of them the offspring of high civilisation, and all put into action mainly for the benefit of people who do not as yet dream of the existence of such things! How strikingly have we thus brought before us the difference between the ignorant and the enlightened man; and how noble does science appear when it thus extends its hand to further a cause in which, to all appearances, there might otherwise be a succession of martyrdoms to all eternity, without the least good being done!

#### A STORY OF AUSTRIA.

"My dear father, you cannot, you surely will not, sacrifice me to this man, whom I can never love—who is not worthy of my love! Oh! ere it be too late, let my entreaties move you from this unhappy purpose."

This was the anxious prayer of a daughter to her father, on the morning which was destined to see her finally contracted to a man whom she disliked and despised. But she spoke to obstinate ears. General Velthein had been accustomed for many long years to receive unlimited obedience from those placed under him in the Austrian military service, and, though not a harsh parent, could not bear to have his wishes thwarted even by an only daughter. "Do not provoke me, Aurelia," said he; "ought I not to be the best judge of what is for your real interest and happiness? And can I have any other objects at heart in this match? Besides, I will not take your opinion of Baron Mantheim as the correct one. He was a soldier; and, though circumstances permitted him to see little actual service, I am sure he is brave, and merits none of the foolish reflections which you are prejudiced enough to throw out against him. He is wealthy, too, and can place you in a station befitting your birth and family. Finally, Aurelia, my word has been passed to him, and so there need be no more said on the subject."

The young lady was silent for a moment, and the general rose to leave the room. "Oh, dear father!" said Aurelia anxiously, as she started to his side, and laid her hand on his shoulder; "if I can expose this man's real character to you—if I can prove to you his utter want of spirit, his absolute poltroonery, will you not spare me this detestable union?" "Ay, girl, if—indeed, you could do this," returned the general, "matters would certainly be somewhat changed. A coward were no fit husband for a daughter of mine. But you speak of things absurd—impossible; so, no more of this. Prepare yourself; Mantheim will soon be here. And fear not, my love," continued the veteran more affectionately, "but you will be happy. I have no wish but to see you so; and I act as I do because I believe that that object can only be brought about by crossing your own foolish desires at this moment." Kissing her brow with parental fondness, the general then left his daughter's apartment.

For a short time afterwards, Aurelia sat absorbed in thought, her fair countenance indicating many anxious emotions. At length she rose from her seat, with the air of one who had formed some decisive resolution, and rang for her waiting-maid. The latter came at the summons. As she entered the room, Aurelia started somewhat hastily and discomposedly, and turned the key of a little closet-door in her apartment. She then assumed a calm manner, seemingly regretting the hurried action into which she had been led. "Get me the necklace which I wore yesterday, Bertha," said she to the girl. "It is in your dressing-closet, madam," answered Bertha, and she advanced with great alacrity to the door of the closet, which her mistress had aroused her curiosity by locking so hastily. But Aurelia interposed herself between the girl and the closet, with sufficient quickness to prevent the other from entering. "You need not trouble yourself to seek it, Bertha," cried she; "I will get it myself. Go you down stairs, and learn when Baron Mantheim arrives. Inform him that I wish to speak with him immediately, and bring him hither. Go, and remember this." Bertha could not avoid obeying the command thus given to her, but she could as little refrain from betraying by her glances that the conduct of her young mistress had awakened in her both curiosity and suspicion. To say the truth, the girl and her lady were not upon those terms on which young heroines and their personal attendants are usually found, at least in stories and romances. Bertha had been induced, by pretty liberal doleurs, to take the side of the father, and of the lover favoured by him, in the matrimonial matters under agitation in the old general's family, and, as a natural consequence, had lost the confidence of the opposite party, her own mistress.

When left by Bertha, Aurelia did not remain long alone, for the waiting-maid soon returned, bringing with her the suitor countenanced by the general. As regarded mere looks, the Baron Mantheim could not have been much complained of, or objected to, by Aurelia. He was young, and at least tolerably well-favoured. In attire and appearance, moreover, he was very bold and martial, his moustache being of even more than national prominence. After he had seated himself, and requested to know what peculiar commands the lady had at that moment to honour him with, Aurelia addressed him somewhat abruptly.

"You are aware, sir, that your addresses have been always distasteful to me, and that I have endured them only in obedience to my father's commands. They are now more displeasing to me than ever." The suitor seemed but little discomposed by this salutation, which, indeed, communicated nothing new to him. "Let me hope, madam," said he in reply, "that time, and my anxious attentions, will remove this unfavourable feeling." "Time can do much, sir," returned the lady, "but time can make no alteration in my sentiments towards you. I assure you of this, and hope that the assurance will make you forbear, even yet, from pressing your suit on one who can neither be happy with you nor make you happy." "Pardon me, lady," replied the gentleman, assuming the appearance of great devotion, "it does rest with you, and you alone, to make me happy; and you will excuse me if I cannot consent to forego the prospects which your father's kindness and his promise hold out to me."

Aurelia looked down, and, after a pause, answered, with a slight apparent degree of confusion, "Then, sir, I must beg to inform you—since you show so little generosity or forbearance—that there may be others who consider themselves entitled to a voice in this matter." "Others!" cried the lover, startled into a perceptible loss of colour; "what others can there be entitled to interfere in the matter? Come, madam, you jest." "I do not jest," answered Aurelia, with a tone of gravity which made an obvious impression on the baron, in spite of his attempts to assume a look of ease; "I do not jest, sir. There are other parties—there is one other party, at all events—who may feel called upon to question the propriety of your perseverance in this suit against my fixed inclination." "Madam, what other party can this be?" exclaimed the baron; "you must allude to a lover; and who can he be? What will your father say to this, madam? But, pshaw! there is no such person," continued the doughty suitor, resuming in part his confidence; "there is no such person. You but jest, madam." "I do not," said Aurelia, quietly but firmly; "there is such a person, and, at this moment, he is not far distant from us." "Not far distant!" cried the alarmed baron; "what do you mean, lady?" "I say that the person to whom I allude is not far distant," repeated the young lady, "and that before you quit this room an explanation must take place between you."

The general's daughter then rose, and advanced to the closet formerly mentioned. She turned the key in the door, and, opening it slightly, exclaimed, "Albert! Albert! Imhoff!" "Stop! stop! madam, for Heaven's sake!" cried the baron, of whose qualities the lady had expressed no incorrect opinion to her father; "stop, madam! I am not deaf to reason. If you are really attached to another, I should be sorry to persist. What would you have me do?" "Resign my hand freely and voluntarily," answered the lady; "here are writing materials. Write me such a resignation briefly and quickly." "What! I resign your hand of my own accord," cried the baron; "oh! madam, what will your father say to me?" "Albert! Albert!" exclaimed Aurelia, re-opening the closet door, and again speaking into the interior. "Stop, madam, for mercy's sake!" again cried the baron; "close the door, pray. I have but my sword; he may have pistols, and may shoot me dead before I could move a step from the spot. I will write the resignation." "Do so without delay, then," answered the lady. The baron answered hurriedly, "Yes, yes, without delay."

Accordingly, the alarmed suitor took his seat at the table, and began to write in terms which the lady, at his own request, dictated to him. The resignation which she demanded was so full and unequivocal, that the baron's repugnance twice got the better of his fears, and induced him to lay down the pen. But the magical whisper of "Albert! Albert!" brought him instantly to his senses, and he was glad to complete the paper, and place it in the lady's hands. It may be guessed that it was with no very dignified look or step that, at the close of the operation, he quitted the apartment of the general's daughter.

Left alone, Aurelia did not enter the important closet, but sat down on a sofa, waiting quietly for the results of what had passed. She was not mistaken in her calculation that Mantheim would fly without delay to the general, and relate, in his own way, all that had happened. Within a quarter of an hour after the baron had quitted her, Aurelia was visited by her father, and, at a short distance behind him, came the baron. Both were fully armed. The general was in a state of fearful excitement and rage. "Girl!" cried he, "shameless, wretched girl, it would be charity to thee to take thy life on the spot; but first let me punish your betrayer! Where is he?" "Father," answered Aurelia quietly, "for whom do you ask?" "For your minion, miserable girl!" cried the general; "show me instantly where he is!" "There is no one here, father, to my knowledge," said Aurelia; "search, and you will find it so." "What! think you this trick will serve you? Was not your base accomplice shut up here, to extort a resignation of your hand from the baron?" answered the angry father; "and was not a pistol held to his head till your object was attained?" "The young lady knows too well that such was the case, and that her accomplice is shut up at this moment in that closet," exclaimed the baron. "Indeed!" said Aurelia, with a look of ineffable scorn; "has such been your pitiful tale! Father, look here! If there has been any one but



myself in this closet to-day, banish me from your house and love for ever!"

Aurelia then led the way into the closet. Neither there, nor about the apartments, did the general see any one. "He has escaped!" cried the baron. "No! he has not escaped," said Aurelia, disdainfully. "Father, ask Baron Mantheim the name of this concealed accomplice—this holder of pistols to men's heads!" "His name was Albert—Albert Imhoff," answered the baron without questioning. "Albert Imhoff!" exclaimed the general; "impossible! he died some months since on the field of battle; he was once my aide-de-camp." "Yes, father, it was impossible that he should be here," said Aurelia, "but his name was enough. The very name of a brave man was enough to extort from Baron Mantheim's fears a resignation of my hand!" "But Bertha, daughter!"—"Pardon me, dear father," continued Aurelia, "if I used artifice to gain my purpose, and to show you how unworthy of the hand of a brave man's child was he on whom you were about to bestow it. No one was ever in my chamber. This resignation was extorted not by pistols, but by the mere whisper of a name." "Why, baron?"—said the amazed general, turning round. But the baron had slipped quietly away, nor did he ever re-appear to claim the annulment of the "resignation."

General Veltheim was taught, by the preceding circumstances, that it would be much safer to allow Aurelia to choose her own partner for life. She soon found one who never gave her father cause to repent of his having indulged her with her own choice in the matter.\*

#### LIEBIG'S ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

SOME years ago, at a meeting of the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the task of preparing a report on organic chemistry was assigned to Dr Justus Liebig, professor of chemistry in the University of Gießen.† The manuscript subsequently prepared by Dr Liebig was committed to the hands of Mr Lyon Playfair, and by him carefully edited, and published in the course of last year, under the title of "Organic Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology."‡ Had the British Association not otherwise assisted in extending the boundaries of science than in eliciting this valuable contribution to human knowledge, it would have deserved the thanks of the community. The work of Dr Liebig, founded perhaps on more careful analyses than that of Davy, is decidedly the most original of its class; and, from the wide array of scientific principles brought to bear on the subject, it ought to attract the patient study not only of every agriculturist, but of every investigator into the original source of national wealth. In the hope of making it better known than it yet happens to be, and fixing attention to the subject, we shall endeavour to give an outline of the contents and train of reasoning.

At the outset, it may be proper to remember that, with the exception of that comparatively small portion drawn from the sea, the food of man is altogether a product of the ground—every thing is drawn from mother earth. The ground, however, is only the rough and immediate material in which vegetation is appropriately conducted, and the real bases of fertility are elementary principles in nature, which are in the first place assimilated to vegetable structure, and then to the food and component parts of animals. These elementary principles reside in two great fields, the soil and the atmosphere, but chiefly the latter. The air around us is an exhaustless reservoir of invisible material, from which all kinds of plants draw the principal part of their nourishment: from being invisible to the eye, vegetable growth causes the material, modified by the transformation, to be obvious to the senses. In the performance of this great and wonderful process in the economy of nature, various accessories, it may be supposed, are required—pure air, moisture, the alternate light of day and darkness of night, revolutions of the globe, winds—all act a part in the scheme, which, the more minutely it is investigated, appears to us the more sublime and beautiful. If the process of vegetable growth, in all the circumstances which we can imagine, were incapable of being assisted by artificial means, it would serve the purpose only of a rational curiosity to inquire into its character; but mankind have discovered, by dint of sheer experience and necessity, that the vegetable product is susceptible of prodigious increase by culture and the administration of restoratives to the soil. Here an entirely new view of the subject opens. We can increase our means of support by aiding nature in her operations, and the great question at once arises—in what shall the aid consist? It would be utterly in vain to answer such a question satisfactorily, and the agriculturist would be left only to the guidance of blind chance in his operations, without going to the very bottom of the subject and ascertaining with accuracy the fundamental principles of vegetable growth, or, in other words, learning what are the exact elements which enter into the constitution of the plant. The search into these elements is what has engaged the attention of Liebig.

After describing the constituent properties in most vegetable bodies, namely, carbon, the elements of water, and nitrogen, with certain metallic bases, he proceeds to inquire into the sources of these substances, particularly that of carbon, which is the main ingredient in plants. Here his views are somewhat peculiar. It has usually been supposed that the carbon of plants depends on the presence in the soil of a substance called *humus*, a product of the decay of other plants. Against this doctrine Liebig contends, and shows that the sources of carbon must have existed at first independently of decayed matter, for, otherwise, how could the first vegetables have existed! "The carbon of plants (he proceeds) must be derived exclusively from the atmosphere. Now, carbon exists in the atmosphere only in the form of carbonic acid; that is to say, in a state of combination with oxygen. It has been already mentioned, likewise, that carbon and the elements of water form the principal constituents of vegetables, the quantity of the substances which do not possess this composition being in very small proportion. Now, the relative quantity of oxygen in the whole mass is less than in carbonic acid. It is therefore certain, that plants must possess the power of decomposing carbonic acid, since they appropriate its carbon for their own use. The formation of their principal component substances must necessarily be attended with the separation of the carbon of the carbonic acid from the oxygen, which must be returned to the atmosphere, whilst the carbon enters into combination with water or its elements. The atmosphere must thus receive a volume of oxygen for every volume of carbonic acid which has been decomposed.

This remarkable property of plants has been demonstrated in the most certain manner, and it is in the power of every person to convince himself of its existence. The leaves and other green parts of a plant absorb carbonic acid, and emit an equal volume of oxygen. They possess this property quite independently of the plant; for, if, after being separated from the stem, they are placed in water containing carbonic acid, and exposed in that condition to the sun's light, the carbonic acid is, after a time, found to have disappeared entirely from the water. If the experiment is conducted under a glass receiver filled with water, the oxygen emitted from the plant may be collected and examined. When no more oxygen gas is evolved, it is a sign that all the dissolved carbonic acid is decomposed; but the operation recommences if a new portion of it is added.

The life of plants is closely connected with that of animals, in a most simple manner, and for a wise and sublime purpose. The presence of a rich and luxuriant vegetation may be conceived without the concurrence of animal life, but the existence of animals is undoubtedly dependent upon the life and development of plants.

Plants not only afford the means of nutrition for the growth and continuance of animal organisation, but they likewise furnish that which is essential for the support of the important vital process of respiration; for besides separating all noxious matters from the atmosphere, they are an inexhaustible source of pure oxygen, which supplies the loss which the air is constantly sustaining. Animals, on the other hand, expire carbon, which plants inspire; and thus the composition of the medium in which both exist, namely, the atmosphere, is maintained constantly unchanged.

It may be asked, is the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which scarcely amounts to 1-10th per cent., sufficient for the wants of the whole vegetation on the surface of the earth—is it possible that the carbon of plants has its origin from the air alone? This question is very easily answered. It is known that a column of air, of 2216.66 lbs. weight, Hessian measure, rests upon every square Hessian foot of the surface of the earth; the diameter of the earth and its supericies are likewise known, so that the weight of the atmosphere can be calculated with the greatest exactness. The thousandth part of this is carbonic acid, which contains upwards of twenty-seven per cent. carbon. By this calculation it can be shown that the atmosphere contains 3000 billions Hessian lbs.\* of carbon—a quantity which amounts to more than the weight of all the plants, and of all the strata of mineral and brown coal, which exist upon the earth. This carbon is, therefore, more than adequate to all the purposes for which it is required. The quantity of carbon contained in sea water, is proportionally still greater.

But it is inconceivable that the functions of the organs of a plant can cease for any one moment during its life: the roots and other parts of it, which possess the same power, absorb constantly water and carbonic acid. This power is independent of solar light. During the day, when the plants are in the shade, and during the night, carbonic acid is accumulated in all parts of their structure; and the assimilation of the carbon and the exhalation of oxygen commence from the instant that the rays of the sun strike them. As soon as a young plant breaks through the surface of the ground, it begins to acquire colour from the top downwards, and the true formation of woody tissue commences at the same time.

The following explanation which he adds respect-

ing an interchange of atmospheres in different parts of the earth, will be new to many readers. "The proper, constant, and inexhaustible sources of oxygen gas are the tropics and warm climates, where a sky, seldom clouded, permits the glowing rays of the sun to shine upon an immeasurably luxuriant vegetation. The temperate and cold zones, where artificial warmth must replace deficient heat of the sun, produce, on the contrary, carbonic acid in superabundance, which is expended in the nutrition of the tropical plants. The same stream of air which moves by the revolution of the earth from the equator to the poles, brings to us, in its passage from the equator, the oxygen generated there, and carries away the carbonic acid formed during our winter. The experiments of De Saussure have proved that the upper strata of the air contain more carbonic acid than the lower, which are in contact with plants; and that the quantity is greater by night than by day, when it undergoes decomposition. Plants thus improve the air, by the removal of carbonic acid, and by the renewal of oxygen, which is immediately applied to the use of man and animals. The horizontal currents of the atmosphere bring with them as much as they carry away; and the interchange of air between the upper and lower strata, which their difference of temperature causes, is extremely trifling when compared with the horizontal movements of the winds. Vegetable culture heightens the healthy state of a country, and a previously healthy country would be rendered quite uninhabitable by the cessation of all cultivation."

How grand the theory in these passages respecting the influence of winds on vegetation! Those streams of air which superstition would ascribe to demons, are among the most beneficent means arranged to preserve atmospheric salubrity, and afford materials for man's subsistence.

*Humus*, he proceeds to show, is only another form of carbonic acid, drawn originally from the atmosphere. "Transformations of existing compounds are constantly taking place during the whole life of a plant, in consequence of which, and as the results of these transformations, there are produced gaseous matters which are excreted by the leaves and blossoms, solid excrements deposited in the bark, and fluid soluble substances which are eliminated by the roots. Such secretions are most abundant immediately before the formation and during the continuance of the blossoms; they diminish after the development of the fruit. Substances containing a large proportion of carbon, are excreted by the roots, and absorbed by the soil. Through the expulsion of these matters unfitted for nutrition, therefore, the soil receives again the greatest part of the carbon, which it had at first yielded to the young plants as food, in the form of carbonic acid. The soluble matter, thus acquired by the soil, is still capable of decay and putrefaction, and by undergoing these processes furnishes renewed sources of nutrition to another generation of plants; it becomes *humus*. The leaves of trees, which fall in the forest in autumn, and the old roots of grass in the meadow, are likewise converted into *humus* by the same influence: a soil receives more carbon in this form than its decaying *humus* had lost as carbonic acid." He seems to wish it to be understood, that *humus* is not taken up in an unaltered state into plants, but is a deposit of transformed carbonic acid in the soil, where it lies ready for re-transformation by the roots of plants.

Passing over a variety of details respecting the source and assimilation of nitrogen in plants, and other branches of his subject, we arrive at what may be called the practical part of the book—the nature and power of manures. The fertilising properties of manures depend on the presence of ammonia, under whatever form it may be disguised. Vegetables derive their nitrogen from ammonia, and animal manure acts only by its affording this material. How to furnish nitrogen in sufficient abundance, is then the great duty of the agriculturist. The most ready form in which it exists is putrescent animal liquid, which "contains nitrogen in the forms of carbonate, phosphate, and lactate of ammonia, and in no other form than that of ammoniacal salts." We wish we could spare room to enter into the author's details on this highly important subject, and referring to the book itself, we must content ourselves with a few emphatic enunciations. The ignorant carelessness of farmers and cottagers in allowing their heaps of manure to exhale into the atmosphere, is properly reprehended. "The nitrogen in it [the heap] escapes as carbonate of ammonia into the atmosphere, and a mere carbonaceous residue of decayed plants is, after some years, found in its place." The loss from the volatility of the ammoniacal gases in all kinds of manures is very considerable, even in much more favourable circumstances. For instance, in spreading solid or liquid manures on a field, there is a rapid escape of fertilising properties, which could be saved by a little care. The manner of preservation is to bring the substances in contact with other substances, which will greedily absorb the volatile principles. Gypsum, chloride of calcium, sulphuric or muriatic acid, and super-phosphate of lime, may all be employed for this purpose. If a basin filled with concentrated muriatic acid is placed in a situation where the sense of smell is offended, "it becomes filled after a few days with crystals of muriate of ammonia. The ammonia, to the presence of which the organs of smell amply testify, combines with the muriatic acid and loses entirely its volatility, and thick clouds or

\* Translated from a French feuilleton.

† Gießen is capital of the German principality of Upper Hesse, belonging to Hesse-Darmstadt.

‡ 9vo. London: Taylor and Walton. 1840.

\* [A Hessian pound is about a tenth greater than an English pound.]

fumes of the salt newly formed hang over the basin. In stables the same may be seen. The ammonia that escapes in this manner, is not only entirely lost as far as our vegetation is concerned, but it works also a slow, though not less certain, destruction of the walls of the building. For when in contact with the lime of the mortar, it is converted into nitric acid, which gradually dissolves the lime. The ammonia emitted from stables, &c., is always in combination with carbonic acid. Carbonate of ammonia and sulphate of lime (gypsum) cannot be brought together at common temperatures, without mutual decomposition. The ammonia enters into combination with the sulphuric acid, and the carbonic acid with the lime, forming compounds which are not volatile, and, consequently, destitute of all smell. Now, if we strew the floors of our stables, from time to time, with common gypsum, they will lose all their offensive smell, and none of the ammonia which forms can be lost, but will be retained in a condition serviceable as manure."

Bone manure, from the quantity of phosphate of lime which it contains, is known to be a highly efficacious restorative; but the manner in which it may be most advantageously applied, is perhaps not so well understood. "The manure of an acre of land, with forty lbs. of bone dust, is sufficient to supply three crops of wheat, clover, potatoes, turnips, &c., with phosphates. But the form in which they are restored to a soil does not appear to be a matter of indifference; for the more finely the bones are reduced to powder, and the more intimately they are mixed with the soil, the more easily are they assimilated. The most easy and practical mode of effecting their division, is to pour over the bones, in a state of fine powder, half their weight of sulphuric acid, diluted with three or four parts of water; and after they have been digested for some time, to add one hundred parts of water, and sprinkle this mixture over the field before the plough. In a few seconds, the free acids unite with the bases contained in the earth, and a neutral salt is formed in a very fine state of division. Experiments instituted on a soil formed from grawacke, for the purpose of ascertaining the action of manure thus prepared, have distinctly shown that neither corn nor kitchen-garden plants suffer injurious effects in consequence, but that, on the contrary, they thrive with much more vigour."

The author's hints on manures from the waste of glue manufactories, seem equally useful. "In the manufactories of glue, many hundred tons of a solution of phosphates in muriatic acid are yearly thrown away as being useless. It would be important to examine whether this solution might not be substituted for the bones. The free acid would combine with the alkalies in the soil, especially with the lime, and a soluble salt would thus be produced, which is known to possess a favourable action upon the growth of plants. This salt, muriate of lime (or chloride of calcium), is one of those compounds which attracts water from the atmosphere with great avidity, and might supply the place of gypsum in decomposing carbonate of ammonia, with the formation of sal-ammoniac and carbonate of lime. A solution of bones in muriatic acid placed on land in autumn or in winter, would, therefore, not only restore a necessary constituent of the soil, and attract moisture to it, but would also give it the power to retain all the ammonia which fell upon it dissolved in the rain during the period of six months."

The chemist *Jugenhouse*, as we are informed by *Liebig*, proposed a new manure in the form of diluted sulphuric acid, which forms gypsum (sulphate of lime) when sprinkled on calcareous soils, thus preventing the necessity of manuring with this material. From various passages in the work, it would appear that *Liebig* considers the chemistry of agriculture still in its feeble infancy. He declares that it is of no consequence what is the external character of a manure; the elements of the material are alone to be regarded. "A time will come," says he, "when fields will be manured with a solution of glass (silicate of potash), with the ashes of burnt straw, and with salts of phosphoric acid, prepared in chemical manufactories, exactly as at present medicines are given for fever and gonorrhoea."

We are particularly struck with the author's computation of the value of those liquids which mankind daily, and everywhere but in China, utterly neglect and throw away. This liquid contains thirteen times more nitrogen than horse manure, and six times that of a cow. The quantity produced by a single grown person annually would yield nitrogen for 800 lbs. of wheat, rye, oats, or of 900 lbs. of barley. For a weight of 1 lb. of this liquid, 1 lb. of wheat could be produced. If these data be correct, the United Kingdom loses many millions of pounds sterling annually, the whole of which could be easily saved. The Chinese do not allow a particle of the materials we allude to to be lost; and their agriculture excels ours to an incalculable degree. The people of this country, by an excess of fastidiousness, have hitherto scarcely paid any attention to this subject; and so little is practically known by us of the method of treating excrementitious matter for manure, that at this moment some of our agriculturists are actually importing from the continent a species of inodorous but fertilising powder, manufactured from what in this country is almost universally lost. We regret that want of space here compels us to bring these facts and hints to a close, and we shall rejoice if they be serviceable

in stimulating landed gentry, farmers, and agricultural associations, to pursue the subject to its remotest limits.

#### AN UNKNOWN SCOTTISH POET.

IN the boundless list of poets and versifiers, who, though unknown to general fame, have helped to charm the little circle in which they moved, we must include the late Rev. James Nicol, minister of the parish of Traquair, a pleasing rural district in the vale of Tweed. We know scarcely any thing of the life of this unknown poet, further than that, by dint of great personal industry and perseverance, he emancipated himself, while young, from the toils of a laborious and humble profession, and with a mind cultured by a hard-won education, was fortunate in being installed as pastor of a parochial charge.

Casting our recollections back an interval of thirty years, we remember Mr Nicol as a man of peculiarly lively fancy, and to whom it was a pleasure to listen, his sermons being in a high degree attractive, from the singular force and originality of his language, as well as an extraordinary brilliancy of sentiment and metaphor. Besides possessing happy conversational powers, he was, like Burns, a poet of nature's own creating. Placed, when comparatively a young man, in a pleasant part of the country, and in the inspiring shade of the "Bush aboon Traquair," he had, in the intervals of professional occupation, a favourable opportunity for cultivating his poetical fancies. Among the earliest of the products of his muse, which tradition and fugitive literature have preserved, is the following song, which was addressed to the lady who afterwards became his wife. The lines, which are at once simple and beautiful, are sung slowly to a tune which we believe has never been published, though worthy of being so.

"Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,  
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,  
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,  
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie."

I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,  
And wi' a lover's ec, lassie;  
I'll weary Heaven wi' mony a prayer,  
And ilka prayer for thee, lassie."

'Tis true I hae na mickle gear;  
My stock it's unco sma', lassie;  
Nae fine-spun foreign claes I wear,  
Nor servants tend my ca', lassie."

But had I heird the British crown,  
And thou o' low degree, lassie,  
A rustic lad I wad hae grown,  
Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie."

Whenever absent frae thy sight,  
Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie;  
I climb the mountain's towering height,  
And cast a look to thee, lassie."

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;  
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,  
The gales that steal thy breath are sweet,  
My love and envy share, lassie."

If for a heart that glows for thee,  
Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,  
Then come, my Nancy, come to me—  
That glowing heart is mine, lassie."

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,  
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,  
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,  
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie."

If some sweet-voiced Nancy, such a one as these verses might have been addressed to, will take them up, and give them the benefit of her powers of melody, we doubt not but that all who have the good fortune to be present will declare them to be tender and impassioned, and well worthy of the pains bestowed in giving them utterance. It is one thing to write passable poetry, and quite another thing to write a good singable song, as all who have tried the feat will admit, and as the paucity of good songs for the voice, indeed, is sufficient in itself to prove. The lines of Mr Nicol fulfil the desideratum so difficult of attainment.

The following is another of our poet's addresses to the object of his affections, written when a cloud seems to have lowered upon his hopes of happiness:—

What balm can cure my wounded soul,  
What charm my sorrows can remove,  
When mountains rise and billows roll,  
Between me and the maid I love?  
Amid the gloom which absence makes,  
Hope trembling darts a feeble ray;  
But pale Despair appears, and takes  
The very soul of life away.  
Once smiling pleasure round me play'd,  
Nor knew I sorrow's poison'd dart;  
These days are gone—remembrance said  
Of joys departed wrings my heart.  
Hear, Heaven, the prayer of misery!  
Grant this request—I ask no more;  
Let memory in my bosom die,  
Or Nancy to my arms restore!"

Another piece which we shall give a place to here, as a slight tribute to the memory of an unknown poet—a man of tender and feeling mind—is an address to the mavis, or thrush, called up by the sight of a barbarously rifled nest. Parents in the country, heedless or ignorant of the cruel propensities fostered by such acts of spoliation, are too apt, as we know from personal observation, to permit their children to carry away young birds from the nest, without a word of blame or remonstrance. In this unambitious little

piece, Mr Nicol speaks, we think, very feelingly for the poor mavis:—

"Stern Winter, with his angry showers,  
No more on Tweed's fair banks remain'd;  
But spring, array'd in blushing flowers,  
O'er all the extended country reign'd.  
On Leithen's side, at close of day,  
I walk'd the shady groves among;  
When, mournful from a neighbouring spray,  
A mavis pour'd these notes along:  
Sure, tender Pity, heavenly maid!  
From man's abodes is driven away;  
And, of his ruthless deeds afraid,  
Through deserts wild is forced to stray.  
Where, where, ah! where's the tender brood  
I nourish'd with a parent's care—  
Whom I, with pleasure, fill'd with food,  
And guarded from the inclement air?  
They're gone! they're gone! Ah, cruel Heaven!  
Dost thou no signs of anger show?  
Behold the wretch, to whom is given  
The empire o'er thy works below!  
Behold the wretch, who boasts aloud  
Of reason and a soul divine!  
If that's his reason—mighty God!  
I thank thee it was never mine."

Think, ruthless man, and blush for shame!  
Thy children prattling on thy knee,  
Who fondly lip their father's name,  
Are not more dear than mine to me.  
I fondly thought, but thought in vain,  
To see my darlings wing their way;  
To hear the woods resound their strain,  
And echo sporting with the lay!"

How base ingratitude appears!  
Did man from me e'er suffer wrong?  
How off my numbers charm'd his ears,  
And soothed his soul the groves among.  
But since my young are stolen away,  
No pleasure I shall ever see;  
To sorrow I resign the day,  
And dumb my tuneful tongue shall be."

Assuming, as is fairly allowable to a poet, the character of a country swain, Mr Nicol addressed the following pleasing song to the object of his affections, in the corresponding character of a rustic maid.

"My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter  
My heart's grown uneasy—it winna lie still;  
I've waited, and waited, and a' to grow better,  
But, can you believe me, I'm just growing ill?  
My head's grown sae dizzy, and aye when I'm speaking  
I sigh and am breathless, and fearful to speak;  
I gaze on, and something I fain wad be seeking,  
But, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.  
When we tedded the hay-field, I raked ilka rig o't,  
And never grew weary the lang summer's day;  
The rucks that you wrought at were easier bigget,  
And far sweeter scented around you the hay.  
At hairst, when the kirk-suppers' joys made us cheery,  
'Mang the lave o' the lasses I preed your sweet mou;  
And, sauf me! how queer I grew when I came near ye—  
My heart thrill'd with rapture, I canna tell how.  
When we danced at the gloaming, 'twas aye you I pitch'd on,  
And when you gaid by me how downie I grew;  
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,  
That tells me my happiness centres in you."

Our rural poet evinced no mean powers in the department, also, of comic song; and we shall bring our specimens to a close by giving his "Halucket Meg," a piece which Allan Cunningham has thought not unworthy of a place in his collection of the "Songs of Scotland."

"Meg, cleann! at Geordie's byro,  
Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;  
Ilk dand o' the scartie strack fire,  
While loud as a lavrock she sang.  
Her Geordie had promised to marry,  
An' Meg, a sworn foe to despair,  
Not dreamin' the job could miscarry,  
Already seem'd mistress an' mair!"

'My neibours,' she sang, 'aften jeer me,  
And ca' me daft, halucket Meg,  
And say, they expect soon to hear me  
I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!  
And now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,  
And Geordie, poor fellow, they ca'  
An auld dootie hav'el! Nae mutter,  
He'll keep me aye brankin and braw!"

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,  
That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,  
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,  
That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;  
But they needna let on that he's crazy,  
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';  
Nor that his hair's white as a daisy,  
For fient a hair has he ava!"

But a weel-pleenish'd mairlin has Geordie,  
And routh o' gude gowd in his kist;  
And if siller comes at my wordie,  
His beauty I never will miss't  
Daft gowks, who catch fire like tinder,  
Think love-raptures ever will burn!  
But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder  
Will cauld as an icicle turn!"

There'll just be as bar to my pleasure,  
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,  
He's sic a hard, near-be-given miser,  
He likes his saul less than his gear!  
But though I now flatter his fallin',  
An' swear nought wi' gowd can compare,  
Gude sooth, it saul soon get a scailin'!  
His bugs sail be moul'die nae mair!"

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,  
A fankie ahint me in green;  
While Geordie cried out he was harriet,  
And the saut tear was blin'din' his een;  
But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,  
I'll hae frae him what aer's my turn;  
Let him slip awa when he grows wearie,  
Shame fa' me, gin lang I wad mourn!"

\* The term "halucket" is explained by Dr Jamieson to mean "giddy or half-brained," and he quotes our author in alluding to the word.



But Gordie, while Meg was haranguin',  
Was cloutin' his breeks i' the baulks,  
And when a' his fallins she brang in,  
His strang hazel pikestaff he tak's:  
Designin' to rax her a lounder,  
He chanced on the ladder to shift,  
An' down frae the baulks, flat's a flounder,  
Flew like a shot-starn frae the lift!"

Mr Nicol, to whom the phrase "artless child of song" might have been happily applied, died in the year 1816.

#### MOZART'S REQUIEM.

ONE evening the illustrious composer, Mozart, was seated at his piano, not engaged in playing, but with his head resting upon his hand. His look was that of one who had just undergone some severe physical exertion, and is left by it weak and exhausted. A hectic flush was yet upon his cheek, and an unnatural glow in his fine large eyes. "My dear Wolfgang," said the wife of the musician, entering the room while he was in this condition, "you have again, I see, made yourself ill—worse than before. Oh, why, for my sake, will you not refrain from this incessant labour?" As she spoke, she kissed his pale brow tenderly, and a tear rose to her eye.

"It is in vain, my love," answered Mozart; "I cannot avoid my destiny. Were I placed on a barren rock, or in the deserts of Africa, with neither instrument nor paper within a hundred miles of me, my thoughts would be equally intent on my divine art; I should exhaust myself not less than I do here. To follow out the suggestions of fancy, and commit them to paper, is not the weakening or toilsome portion of my occupations. On the contrary, I derive pleasure and refreshment from the fulfilment of my conceptions. The preliminary workings of the brain are the causes of exhaustion, and those I cannot put a stop to. It is my fate, Constance; it is my fate." The composer seemed so much wearied as he uttered these words, that his attached wife pressed him to lie down upon the sofa, and endeavour to snatch some minutes of sleep. Mozart complied with her suggestion, and, having seen him comfortably placed, his wife retired.

The ailing composer—for he had been ill, very ill, for some months—was not destined, however, to enjoy his repose for any length of time. He was roused by a servant, who informed him that a stranger desired to speak with him. "Show him this way," said the musician, rising from his recumbent position. The visitor was immediately introduced. He was a person of very striking appearance, tall and commanding in stature. His countenance was peculiarly grave, solemn, and even awe-striking; and his manners were dignified and impressive. Altogether, his aspect was such as to arrest the attention of Mozart in a forcible manner. "I come," said the stranger, after bowing courteously to the composer's salutation, "to request a peculiar favour from you. A friend, whose name I am required not to mention, wishes to have a solemn mass composed, as a requiem for the soul of a dear relative, recently lost, whose memory he is desirous of honouring in an especial manner. You alone, he conceives, have the power to execute the task worthily, and I am here to pray you to undertake it." Mozart, though unwell, saw no great difficulty in such a task as this, and he even felt that to one so interesting in look and deportment as the stranger it would have been difficult for him to refuse a much harder matter. "In what time," said he, after a pause, "must the work be completed?" "In a month or so," answered the stranger; and expense is not to be considered. Make your own terms for remuneration." Mozart mentioned a moderate sum. The stranger immediately pulled out a purse, and, taking from it one hundred ducats, a sum exceeding the composer's demand, laid the money on the table. Immediately afterwards, he took his leave.

The concealment of the name of the party requiring the requiem, and the remarkable air and appearance of the stranger, caused this visit to make a strong impression on the sensitive mind of the great master. It was not long after the stranger had left, ere Mozart commenced to the work which he had engaged to perform. He had been brooding over the subject for a time, and suddenly started up, and called for writing materials. For a period he proceeded in his composition with extraordinary ardour, but the excitement of the task was hurtful to him. His fainting fits returned, and for some successive days he was confined to bed.

As soon as he was able he resumed his occupation, but, being too enthusiastic to proceed with only moderate diligence, he soon brought back his illness. Thus it was that the work was carried on by fits and starts. One day, when his wife was hanging over him, as he sat at his piano, he abruptly stopped, and said, "The conviction has seized me that I am writing my own requiem. This will be my own funeral service!"

At the end of the month, the stranger made his appearance punctually. "I have found it impossible to keep my word," said Mozart; "this work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design." "Then take a little additional time," answered the stranger. "Another month," said Mozart, "and it shall be ready." "For this added trouble," returned the stranger, "there must be an additional recompense." With these words he drew his purse, and, laying down fifty ducats, took his

leave, with the promise to return again at the time appointed.

Mozart resumed his labours, and the requiem proceeded. Every day the composer grew more and more enthusiastic in the prosecution of his task, but every day his bodily powers became more and more enfeebled. The impression which he had communicated to his wife gained additional strength, and the more so as his endeavours to discover the name and character of the interesting and mysterious stranger proved unavailing. He had ordered a servant to follow the stranger on the occasion of his last visit, but the man had returned with the announcement that the object of his pursuit had suddenly disappeared from before his eyes. Inquiries amongst friends were equally fruitless. These circumstances, as we have said, deepened the conviction on Mozart's mind that he was composing his own requiem, and composing it at no earthly command. This idea, so likely to impress the romantic spirit of the great composer, rather favoured than impeded the completion of the requiem. As his physical powers decayed, the zeal of the composer increased. He finished the task, as far as he considered necessary, and, almost immediately afterwards, the soul of Mozart left its mortal tenement.

When the stranger returned—for he did return at the appointed day—Mozart was no more. Strange to tell, the visitor showed now no anxiety for the requiem, and it was left to serve as a commemoration of the great master himself. It is yet well known by the name of Mozart's Requiem.

This story has been often told in nearly the above terms. Mr Hogarth's agreeable volume, "Musical History, Biography, and Criticism," enables us to add all that is known or conjectured with respect to the mysterious stranger. "The Requiem was afterwards completed by Süssmayr, a composer of considerable eminence, who was a friend of Mozart's family. The circumstances under which this work was composed, and the state in which it was when Mozart's pen was arrested by death, have occasioned, at different times, a good deal of controversy in Germany; but the matter has not been fully cleared up. In the year 1827, an edition of the Requiem was published by André, a respectable music-publisher at Offenbach, the preface to which contains all the information on the subject that can now be obtained. From M. André's statements it would appear, that the person by whom Mozart was employed to compose this work, was a Count Waldseck, who, having lost his wife, took it into his head not to obtain, but to pretend to compose, a requiem to her memory; that he determined to procure a composition of which the reputed authorship would do him credit; and that his steward was Mozart's mysterious visitant. M. André's evidence amounts to a presumption, and nothing more, that this might have been the case; but the truth will now probably never be ascertained."

#### OPIUM-SMOKING.

LORD JOCELYN, late military secretary to the China mission, in a small work just issued from the press, "Six Months with the Chinese Expedition," makes the following observations on opium-smoking, which prevails not only in China, but in the adjacent islands of India:—

"One of the objects at this place [Singapore] that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being addicted to the power of the drug; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. [What beast!—we do not know any animal but man who indulges in intoxicating liquors.]

One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookha in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived

of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain extent under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages;—some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of dead-house—where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying."

Lord Jocelyn contends that the stoppage of the opium trade from India would prove most disastrous to British interests in that great empire. The rajahs and petty princes are the chief growers of the poppy, and it is important to conciliate their favour. The best opium is produced in Malwa, a district of India. From that quarter it pays at Bombay a duty of 125 rupees (£12, 10s.) per chest, fetching in that market from 400 to 500 rupees (£40 to £50). This quantity sells on the Chinese coast for 700 dollars (£151, 6s. 4d.), and perhaps much more. The temptation to get so large a profit sets all plans for stopping the trade at defiance. "The opium-trade (his lordship observes), however hateful it may appear in the eyes of many, is, it must be recollected, a source of great benefit to the Indian government, returning, I have heard, a revenue of upwards of two millions and a half yearly. It therefore becomes those who are so eager for its suppression to point out some method of making up the serious defalcation of revenue that must necessarily accrue to the Indian government, whose expenses already outrun its present income." The question, which is surrounded with a thousand difficulties, ought to be treated calmly, and on large and enlightened views.

#### TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.

JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT, one of the most enterprising and indefatigable of modern travellers, was a Swiss by birth, being descended from a respectable family long established at Kirehgarten, near Lausanne. His father had been tried and persecuted by the French republic, on a charge of assisting the Austrians during the wars consequent on the Revolution, and was thus obliged to remove from his native district to Basle, where he entered a Swiss corps in the service of England. John Lewis, who was born about the year 1785, received his early education at Basle, and was afterwards placed at the University of Leipsic. From childhood, he was attached to the British nation, and, on completing his academical course, resolved to visit England. The celebrated Blumenbach, to whom he had recommended himself by his talents, application, and good conduct, gave him letters to Sir Joseph Banks and other men of eminence in London. Already had young Burckhardt devoted himself in thought to the arduous occupation of an exploratory traveller, and, on his arrival in England, the African Association received and accepted his offer of journeying into the interior of Africa. The plan of the expedition being settled, Burckhardt diligently set about the necessary preparations for his enterprise. It had been resolved that he should make the perilous attempt to pass as a Mussulman in the course of his journey; and accordingly he suffered his beard to grow, accustomed himself to the dress and manners of the East, and made himself a proficient in the Arabic tongue.

In the beginning of 1809, he left England, and appeared soon after in Aleppo in the character of a Mussulman, assuming the name of Ibrahim Ben Abdallah. Two years he spent here, perfecting himself in the eastern languages, and acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the Koran, and the religion and laws of Islamism. With a degree of patience almost unparalleled, he then made various exploratory tours in Syria and on the Nile, all of them preparatory to his great African project. From regular journals which he kept of these expeditions, and which he transmitted to England, a work entitled "Travels in Syria" was compiled and published in his absence. In the early part of 1812, he went to Damascus, and thence proceeded to the Arabian deserts, east and south of the Dead Sea, where he made a variety of interesting observations, which were given to the world in due time from his journals. A pilgrimage to Mecca, moreover, was performed by him as a Mahometan, in 1813 and 1814, and he twice made an incursion into the interior of Nubia. His privations and sufferings on these journeys were very severe; yet in 1815, he undertook a journey to Mount Sinai, through the deserts of Arabia, where hardships of a still more serious kind fell in his way. At length, in April 1817, the caravan and escort, with which he intended to penetrate into the African interior, were ready for the route. But Burckhardt had already tasked his constitution too hard. When on the eve of starting from Grand Cairo for his great enterprise, he was seized with an illness which terminated his life.

The discoveries upon which the reputation of



Burckhardt as a traveller will chiefly depend, are those made by him in his tour through Arabia. He was the first traveller who gave a minute and accurate account of the pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, and also the first who found out the site of the city of Petra, the capital of ancient Edom, so remarkable for its rock-sculptures. Altogether, the journeys of Burckhardt are so deeply interesting, and evince such an amount of patience under toil and suffering on the part of the traveller, that we believe some excerpts from his diaries will prove acceptable to every reader of the present work.

The two volumes drawn up from Burckhardt's notes, entitled "Travels in Arabia," are chiefly devoted to an account of Palestine and the holy cities of the Mahometans, visited by the traveller in the character of a true believer. There was great boldness shown in the attempt to assume such a character, because, had he been detected, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. However, the adventurous Swiss joined a party of pilgrims, who, in the spring of 1814, crossed the Red Sea to Djidda, the sea-port of Mecca, the principal of the two holy cities. In Djidda, Sheikh Ibrahim, as Burckhardt called himself, was taken ill and ran short of money. His condition became deplorable; but at length Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, who was then in Arabia, heard of his misfortunes, and sent for him to the camp at Tayf. At the pacha's head-quarters, the traveller received a loan of money, which induced him to set out by himself for Mecca, being determined to see that city at all risks. The cities of Mecca and Medina are situated in the Arabian province of Hedjaz, on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, and nearly under the tropic of Cancer. Arriving at Mecca, Mr Burckhardt found nearly 70,000 pilgrims there assembled. He saw this immense multitude assume the white uniform appointed for the occasion, and undergo the stated number of ceremonial ablutions; he joined them in walking round the Kaaba, or holy stone, seven times, each circuit being accompanied by a kiss; and, in short, under his ostensible character of a Mahometan, the Christian traveller gained an insight into all the mysteries hitherto confined to the breasts of true believers.\*

With a small caravan of *hadjis*, or pilgrims, Mr Burckhardt proceeded from Mecca to Medina. The last of these cities is held as scarcely inferior to the first in sanctity, containing, as it does, the tomb of the prophet Mahommed. This, the "precious jewel of Medina," is contained in a large mosque, a hundred and sixty-five paces in length, and a hundred and thirty in breadth. It is surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, composed of from three to ten rows of pillars, one before another. These pillars are painted with flowers and arabesques, in a gaudy style. The interior walls of the central building, enclosed by these pillars, is partly cased with white marble, having inscriptions upon it in gilt letters, which produce a fine effect. The floor is paved with marble, white and mosaic mixed. "Near the south-east corner (says Mr Burckhardt) stands the famous tomb, so detached from the walls of the mosque as to leave between it and the south wall a space of about twenty-five feet, and fifteen between it and the east wall. The enclosure, which defends the tomb from the too near approach of visitors, forms an irregular square of about twenty paces, in the midst of the colonnade, several of its pillars being included within it: it is an iron railing, painted green, about two-thirds the height of the columns, filling up the intervals between them, so as to leave their upper part projecting above it, and entirely open. The railing is of good workmanship, in imitation of filigree, and is interwoven with open-worked inscriptions of yellow bronze, supposed by the vulgar to be of gold, and of so close a texture that no view can be gained into the interior, except by several small windows, about six inches square, which are placed in the four sides of the railing, about five feet above the ground. On the south side of the railing, where are the two principal of these windows, before which the visitors stand when praying, the railing is thinly plated over with silver, and the often-repeated inscription of 'La Illaha il Allah al hak al Mobyn'—'There is no God but God, the evident truth,' is carried in silver letters across the railing all round these windows. This enclosure is entered by four gates, three of which are constantly kept shut, and one only is opened, every morning and evening, to admit the eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor and light the lamps. What appears of the interior is a curtain carried round, which takes up almost the whole space, leaving between it and the railing an open walk, of a few paces only in breadth.

According to the historian of Medina, the curtain covers a square building of black stones, supported by two pillars, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mahommed, and his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abou Beker and Omar. As far as I could learn here, these tombs are also covered with precious stuffs, and in the shape of catafalques, like that of Ibrahim in the great mosque of Mecca."

The old European tradition of Mahommed's coffin being suspended in air, is unknown in the Hedjaz. Formerly, immense quantities of treasure, in the shape of golden vessels and precious stones, are said to have

been accumulated round the prophet's tomb, but little of this has escaped the rapacity of invaders and unscrupulous Arab chiefs. Between the curtain of the prophet's tomb and the encircling railing, glass lamps are hung up, which are kept burning all night. Over the enclosure, or Hedjaz, is placed a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes of the city, and ornamented with a large globe and a crescent, both said to be of pure gold. Next to the Hedjaz, the most sacred place of the mosque, is a place called El Rodha, or the Garden, pointed out by Mohammed in the words, "Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise." Excepting as regards the flowers painted upon the columns of the Rodha, there is no other trace of a garden about it. "The entrance to the Rodha, near Bab-es-Salam, has a splendid appearance: the gaudy colours displayed on every side, the glazed columns, fine carpets, rich pavement, the gilt inscriptions on the wall to the south, and the glittering railing of the Hedjaz in the background, dazzle the sight at first; but, after a short pause, it becomes evident that this is a display of tinsel decoration, and not of real riches. When we recollect that this spot is one of the holiest of the Mahommedan world, and celebrated for its splendour, magnificence, and costly ornaments, and that it is decorated with the united pious donations of all the devotees of that religion, we are still more forcibly struck with its paltry appearance. It will bear no comparison with the shrine of the most insignificant saint in any Catholic church in Europe, and may serve as a convincing proof, that in pious gifts the Mahommedan have at no period equalled the Catholic devotees; without noticing many other circumstances, which help to strengthen the belief, that whatever may be their superstition and fanaticism, Mahommedans are never inclined to make as many pecuniary sacrifices for their religious establishments, as Catholic and even Protestant Christians do for theirs.

The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are the following. At first the pilgrim, before he enters the town, is to purify himself by a total ablution, and, if possible, to perfume his body with sweet odours. When he arrives in sight of the dome, he is to utter some pious ejaculations. When he intends to visit the temple, the cicerone, or, as he is here called, *mezowar*, leads him into the gate called Bab-es-Salam, passing his right foot first over the threshold, which is the general custom in all mosques, and particularly insisted upon here. While reciting some prayers, he steps forward into the Rodha, where he performs a short prayer, with four prostrations, as a salutation to the mosque, during which he is enjoined to recite the two short chapters (109th and 112th) of the Koran. He then passes through one of the small doors of the Rodha, and walks slowly towards the railing of the Hedjaz, before the western window of which, on its south side, he takes his stand; with arms half raised, he addresses his invocations to Mahommed, in the words 'Salam aleyka ya Mahommed, Salam ya Rasoul illah,' &c., recapitulating about twenty of the different surnames or honourable titles of Mahommed, and prefixing to each of them 'Salem aleyk.' He next invokes his intercession in heaven, and distinctly mentions the names of all those of his relations and friends whom he is desirous to include in his prayers; it is for this reason, that an inhabitant of Medina never receives a letter from abroad, without being entreated, at the end of it, to mention the writer's name at the tomb of the Prophet. If the pilgrim is delegated on the pilgrimage for another, he is bound here to mention the name of his principal. In this prayer an expression is used, as at all the places visited for their sanctity about the town, but which appeared to me little calculated to inspire the visitor with humane or charitable feelings; among other favours supplicated in prayer to the Deity, the following request is made:—'Destroy our enemies, and may the torments of hell-fire be their lot.'

After these prayers are said, the visitor is desired to remain a few minutes with his head pressed close against the window, in silent adoration; he then steps back, and performs a prayer of four prostrations, under the neighbouring colonnade, opposite the railing; after which he approaches the second window, on this same side, said to face the tomb of Abou Beker, and goes through prayers similar to those said at the former window (called *Shokab-en-Noby*), which are recited in honour of Abou Beker. Stepping back a second time to the colonnade, he again performs a short prayer, and then advances to the third window on this side of the railing, which is opposite that part of the curtain behind which the tomb of Omar is said to lie: similar prayers are said here. When this ceremony is finished, the visitor walks round the south-east corner of the Hedjaz, and presents himself before the tomb of Setna Fatme, where, after four prostrations, a prayer is said to *Fatme-e-Zahera*, or the bright blooming Fatme, as she is called. He then returns to the Rodha, where a prayer is said as a salutation to the Deity on leaving the mosque, which completes this ceremony, the performance of which occupies at most twenty minutes.

On every spot where prayers are to be said, people sit with handkerchiefs spread out to receive the gifts of the visitors, which appear to be considered less as alms than as a sort of toll; at least a well-dressed visitor would find it difficult to make his way without paying these taxes. Before the window of Setna Fatme sits a party of women (Fatme being herself a

female saint), who likewise receive gifts in their handkerchiefs. In the Rodha stand the eunuchs, or the guardians of the temple, waiting till the visitor has finished his last prayer of salutation, to wish him joy on having successfully completed the *zyara* or visit, and to receive their fees; and the great gate of Bab-es-Salam is constantly crowded with poor, who closely beset the visitor on his leaving the mosque; the porter also expects his complement, as a matter of right. The whole visit cost me about fifteen piastres, and I gave ten piastres to my cicerone; but I might perhaps have got through for half that sum.

The ceremonies may be repeated as often as the visitor wishes; but few perform them all, except on arriving at Medina, and when on the point of departing. It is a general practice, however, to go every day, at least once, to the window opposite Mahommed's tomb, and recite there a short prayer: many persons do it whenever they enter the mosque. It is also a rule never to sit down in the mosque, for any of the usual daily prayers, without having previously addressed an invocation to the Prophet, with uplifted hands, and the face turned towards his tomb. A similar practice is prevalent in many other mosques in the east, which contain the tomb of a saint. The Moslem divines affirm, that prayers recited in the mosque of Medina are peculiarly acceptable to the Deity, and invite the faithful to perform this pilgrimage, by telling them that one prayer said in sight of the Hedjaz is as efficacious as a thousand said in any other mosque except that of Mecca."

The town of Medina is described as tolerably well built, but having no other source of wealth than the pilgrimages, and containing no object of especial interest but the great mosque. In this respect, moreover, it does not enjoy advantages equal to those of Mecca. Immense numbers of pilgrims certainly visit Medina yearly; but the visit is rather regarded as a meritorious action than as a duty incumbent on the faithful. Yet he who recites forty prayers at the tomb of Mahommed will be delivered, says the creed of Islamism, from all torments after death.

The civilised world owes much to Mr Burckhardt for the information which he gave, and was the first to give, on this curious subject. We hope to return to the adventures of this interesting traveller ere long.

## NAVAL WARFARE OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

THE early part of the year 1813 was signalised by a few naval encounters between the British and the Americans, though not of any serious importance, and in no respect contributing to allay the vengeful passions of either party. At this time, the United States' ship-sloop *Hornet*, Captain Lawrence, kept roving about the American coast, and was the terror of many a craft engaged in the merchant service. On the 14th of February, when cruising off Pernambuco, she captured an English brig with 23,000 dollars in specie on board. In a few days afterwards, near the entrance to Demerara river, she encountered the British frigate *Peacock*, which she likewise captured. The *Peacock* almost immediately sunk, in consequence of the damages she had sustained during the action.

The next was one of the most desperate though brief engagements which took place during the war, being that between the British frigate *Shannon*, Captain Broke, and the United States' frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain Lawrence, who had previously commanded the *Hornet*. The meeting of these vessels was off the harbour of Boston, and took place on the 1st of June 1813. Both commanders were full of high hopes of conquest. Following the account given of the murderous affair by James, the *Chesapeake* came down upon the *Shannon's* starboard quarter, with three ensigns flying, and led Captain Broke to expect that she would pass under his stern, and engage him on the larboard side; he therefore directed his men, as she passed, to lie down flat, so as to avoid in some degree the raking fire. But Captain Lawrence, either overlooking or waiving this advantage, at thirty-five minutes past five, luffed up, within half-pistol shot, upon the *Shannon's* starboard-quarter. Some shots from the *Shannon* took effect, killing and wounding several officers and men; the *Chesapeake* discharged her whole broadside in return, which was replied to by the *Shannon's* guns, as fast as the men could level them with precision. In about seven minutes from the commencement of the action, the *Chesapeake*, having her jib-sheet and fore-top-sail-tie shot away, fell on board the *Shannon*; the fluke of the latter's waist anchor, which had been stowed in the main-chains, entering the former's quarter-gallery window. The shot from the *Shannon's* aftermost guns now had a fair range along the *Chesapeake's* decks, beating in the stern-ports, and sweeping the men from their quarters. Seeing that there was a general desertion of guns on the enemy's deck, Captain Broke instantly called out "Board!" and, accompanied by his lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*, where he met with little or no resistance. Those on the fore-castle having submitted, the chief molestation continued to be from the *Chesapeake's* fore-top. While Captain Broke was giving orders to dislodge the combatants aloft, he was treacherously set upon by three Americans who had formerly submitted, but had armed themselves afresh. Captain

\* In No. 18 of the present work, an account of Mecca, and the ceremonies there performed, was given at such length, as renders it proper for us on the present occasion to confine our attention chiefly to the second of the holy cities, *Medina*.



Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face, but instantly received from the man in the pikeman's right a blow from the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and nearly stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man knocked him down with his broadsword, but was himself next instant cut down by one of the Shannon's seamen. Captain Broke and his foe now lay side by side, each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword, when a marine dispatched the American with his bayonet. Shortly, the surrender of the vessel was complete. Between the discharge of the first gun and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed, and in four minutes more the struggle was at an end. Hundreds of persons from Boston and the surrounding neighbourhood, standing on a commanding part of the shore, were spectators of the scene.

The force of the respective combatants was very nearly equal. The Shannon had 25 broadside guns, carrying 538 pounds weight of metal, 306 men and 24 boys, and was 1066 tons burden. The Chesapeake had 25 broadside guns, carrying 590 pounds, 376 men and 5 boys, and was 1135 tons burden. The Shannon sustained a loss of 24 killed and 59 wounded, while the Chesapeake had 47 killed and 99 wounded. Among the mortally wounded was Captain Lawrence, who died shortly afterwards, and was buried with military honours at Halifax, to which the prize was carried. The victory gained by Captain Broke caused a considerable sensation in England, and seemed to have been felt as a breaking of the spell which had so long bound the British navy in its conflicts with that of the United States. The conquest, however, was attained chiefly by Captain Broke's extraordinary promptitude in boarding after coming to close quarters, and was succeeded by a much greater number of defeats than victories.

Passing over some minor events of the war, including the loss of the British 14-gun schooner *Dominica*, captured by the *Decatur*, a Franco-American privateer, we come to the action between the British brig-sloop *Pelican*, Captain Maples, sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades and two sixes, and the American brig-sloop *Argus*, Captain Allen, eighteen twenty-four-pound carronades and two long twelves. On the 14th of August, these vessels encountered each other in St George's channel, about five leagues from St David's Head. When within grape-distance, broadside firing commenced, and in a few minutes Captain Allen was severely wounded, and the main-braces, main spring-stay, gaff, and try-sail mast of the *Argus* were shot away. Shortly afterwards, shots from the *Pelican* did still further damage to the enemy's rigging, and then ranging up on her starboard-quarter, poured in a fire with destructive effect. Farther damage being done to the wheel-ropes and rigging of the *Argus*, she was entirely unmanageable, and at the mercy of the *Pelican*, whose commander gave orders to board; which being done, the American was at once compelled to submit. The clever gunnery of the *Pelican*, so different from that ordinarily displayed by other British vessels at the time, appears to have been the cause of the successful issue of the engagement. On board the *Pelican* there were only two killed and five wounded; the crew of the *Argus* suffered more severely, six being killed and eighteen wounded. The captain died after his unfortunate vessel had been brought into Plymouth.

The next action in course of events took place (September 5) off the American coast, at no great distance from Portland in the United States, between the British brig-sloop *Boxer*, twelve eighteen-pound carronades, and two sixes, Captain Blyth, and the American brig-sloop *Enterprise*, fourteen eighteen-pound carronades and two nines, Captain Burrows. This was a very melancholy affair, and gives one a painful idea of the horrible slaughter committed in the headlong havoc of warfare. We have heard Captain Blyth mentioned as being one of the bravest officers in the British service, and that, prompted by the ardour of his temperament, he would encounter any foe, however great was the odds against him. In the beginning of August 1811, when acting as first lieutenant of the *Quebec*, cruising between the Texel and Elbe, he volunteered, with a small select party, to cut out some French gunboats; and by the most daring intrepidity, his enterprise was successful. For this gallant action, he was promoted to the command of the *Boxer*—which was by no means suited to his impetuous character. The *Boxer* was one of a set of brigs which had been respectively named after favourite hounds of one of the lords of the Admiralty, and built, as was afterwards discovered, on an improper model, whether as respects strength of timber or sailing powers. Eager to meet an enemy's ship, Captain Blyth, while lying off Portland, observed the *Enterprise* approaching on the horizon, and immediately bore up to engage, leaving on shore the surgeon and two midshipmen, who were away "shooting pigeons." After manœuvring a few hours on various tacks to try rates of sailing, the two vessels, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, commenced firing, at the distance of half pistol-shot apart. In the very first broadside an eighteen-pound shot passed through Captain Blyth's body, and shattered his left arm, causing instant death; and about the same moment, a musket-ball fired from the *Boxer* mortally wounded Captain Burrows. The command of the *Boxer* now devolved upon her only lieutenant, David McCreery,

and that of the *Enterprise* on Lieutenant Edward McCall. At half-past three, the *Enterprise* ranged ahead, and rounding to on the starboard tack, raked the *Boxer* with starboard guns, and shot away her main-topmast and fore-top-sail-yard. The American then set her fore-sail, and, taking a position on the starboard-bow of her now wholly unmanageable antagonist, continued pouring in successive raking fires until forty-five minutes past three, when the *Boxer* surrendered. This defeat was caused not only by the damages done to the vessel, but the weakened condition of the *Boxer's* crew; the lieutenant-commander, owing to the imprudent absence of the two midshipmen, had not an officer beneath him, and the master's mate and three seamen deserted their quarters during the action. Besides her commander, the *Boxer* had three men killed, and seventeen wounded, while the *Enterprise*, besides her commander, had three or four killed and eleven wounded. The prize was carried into Portland; and there, on the 7th of September, the bodies of the two commanders were buried with military and civic honours.

A few days after this unfortunate event, Lake Erie was the scene of a desperate battle between a British and an American squadron. After a furious action of nearly three hours, in which the British had 3 officers and 38 men killed, and 9 officers and 85 men wounded, and the Americans 27 officers and men killed, and 96 wounded, the latter gained the day. The British vessels, it is mentioned, were so poorly equipped, that they had no matches they could use, and were obliged to fire pistols at their guns to set them off. This, with some desultory warfare on Lake Ontario and on the coast, closed the events of 1813—the suffering on both sides still leading to no useful result.

The next year, 1814, opened with the temporary success of the British naval force. On the 15th of February, the British 36-gun frigate *Phoebe*, and her consort the *Cherub*, encountered the American 32-gun frigate *Essex-Junior*, off the coast of Valparaiso; and, after a running and severe fight of about two hours, the latter was conquered. On the 20th of April, the British 36-gun frigate *Orpheus*, and twelve-gun schooner *Shelburne*, encountered the American frigate *Frolic*, which they captured, after firing only a few shots. Some days previous to this occurrence, the British eighteen-gun frigate *Epervier*, sailed from Port-Royal, Jamaica, for Halifax, having taken on board 118,000 dollars in specie, and on the 29th met in with the American 22-gun ship-sloop *Peacock*; preparation on both sides for battle was the immediate consequence. The narrative given of the engagement shows in what an ill-prepared condition the British vessel was for such an encounter. At the first discharge, the three aftermost carronades became unshipped by the fighting-bolts giving way, and subsequently the carronades on the starboard side were dislodged in the same manner, while the main-boom, sails, and rigging, were cut in pieces by the enemy's fire. There was, in short, a general disablement on board the *Epervier*; and the crew having declined to follow the captain in an attempt to board, he was compelled to submit. This is allowed to have been a very disgraceful affair on the part of the crew of the British vessel, whom James describes as being at the time in a state of disaffection, for what cause, however, we are not informed. The British sustained a loss of eight killed and fifteen wounded, while the Americans had none killed and only two men wounded.

In the remaining naval engagements of any consequence during this ill-advised, and, on the part of the British, ill-conducted, war, the Americans were on seven occasions victorious and the British only once. It would be tiresome to go over the whole of these, and we shall content ourselves with the following one or two cases. On the 28th of June (1814), at daylight, while cruising in the Atlantic, the British eighteen-gun brig-sloop *Reindeer*, Captain William Manners, discovered and chased the United States' ship-sloop *Wasp*, commanded by Johnston Blakely. In the course of the day, the vessels approached each other, and prepared for action; and at about two in the afternoon, the *Wasp* hoisted her colours, and fired a gun to windward; immediately the *Reindeer*, whose colours had been previously hoisted, fired a gun also to windward, as an answer to the challenge. "At a quarter past three, the *Reindeer*, being distant about sixty yards on the *Wasp's* starboard and weather quarter, opened a fire upon her boat-carronade, mounted upon the top-gallant forecastle. This she repeated four times; when at twenty-six minutes past three, the *Wasp* having put her helm a-lee, luffed up, and commenced the action. The *Reindeer* returned the fire with spirit; and a close and furious engagement ensued.

After the mutual cannonade had lasted about half an hour, the *Reindeer*, owing to her disabled state, fell with her bow against the larboard-quarter of the *Wasp*. The latter immediately raked her with dreadful effect; and the American riflemen in the tops picked off the British officers and men in every part of the deck. It was now that Captain Manners showed himself as great a hero as any in ancient or modern times. The calves of his legs were shot away early in the action, yet did he keep the deck, encouraging his crew, and animating by his example the few officers remaining on board. A shot passed through both his thighs. He fell on his knees, but

quickly sprung up, and, though bleeding profusely, resolutely refused to quit the deck. Perceiving the dreadful slaughter which the musketry in the enemy's tops was causing, he called out to his men—"Follow me, my boys—we must board them!" While climbing into the rigging, two balls from the tops penetrated his skull, and came out beneath his chin. Placing one hand on his forehead, the other convulsively brandishing his sword, he exclaimed "Oh God!" and dropped lifeless on his own deck. Having lost, besides her captain, nearly the whole of her officers and more than half her crew, the *Reindeer* was wholly unable to oppose the *Wasp's* overwhelming numbers; accordingly, at about four o'clock, the American crew rushed on board, and received possession of their hard-earned trophy from the captain's clerk, the senior officer alive on deck." The *Reindeer* was dreadfully shattered, and out of her crew of 98 men and 20 boys, sustained a total loss of 25 killed and 42 wounded, most of them dangerously. One of the men was wounded in a horrible manner in the head by a ram-rod, which, before it could be extracted, required to be sawed off close to the skull; the man, notwithstanding, recovered. The *Wasp*, out of a crew of 173 men and 2 boys, had 11 killed and 15 wounded.

The *Reindeer* being too much battered to be carried off as a prize, was set fire to and destroyed. The *Wasp* then steered for Lorient to refit and renovate her crew. On the 27th of August, being again in trim for sea, this American cruiser set off on a new expedition, and on the 1st of September fell in with the British eighteen-gun brig-sloop *Avon*, Captain the Honourable James Arbuthnot. The engagement was brief. The *Wasp* having fired her twelve-pound carronade, the *Avon* replied to it by a discharge from her larboard guns. The *Wasp* then kept away, and running under the brig's lee, opened her broadside. In a few minutes, the rigging and masts of the *Avon* were so much disabled, that she became unmanageable: in this state, with the "usual defects" in gun fastenings, and damages in the hull, surrender appeared inevitable. When on the point of yielding, a British eighteen-gun brig-sloop, the *Castilian*, was observed approaching. The *Wasp* now fled, and was pursued; but the *Castilian* observing from signals of distress that the *Avon* required her assistance, she gave up the chase, and returning, arrived in time to save the crew of the sinking vessel. Out of a crew of 104 men and 13 boys, the *Avon* had 10 killed and 32 wounded. The *Wasp* is said to have had only two killed and one wounded.

Peace with France in 1814, by opening the continent to American commerce, hitherto excluded by British policy, naturally removed one of the grounds of quarrel, and opened the way for peace with the United States. On the 24th of December 1814, a treaty of peace, accordingly, was effected at Ghent, which left, however, the question of right of search and other matters on the ground on which they had previously stood. The Americans, as we have seen, were most successful in their naval warfare; but, after all, that was a trifling compensation for ruined commerce, and for being brought to the very verge of national dismemberment. The losses of the British never made any distinct impression on the nation, otherwise than teaching a tolerably sound lesson in discretion, and leading to many important improvements in naval affairs. We sincerely trust that both nations, united by a thousand inextricable ties, and profiting by experience, will in all time coming avoid every description of warlike collision, and exist in the happiest terms of amity and peace.

#### PRESERVING MEAT.

A French gentleman in Paris, who some time ago made known his discovery of a plan of preserving dead bodies from putrefaction by injecting chemical solutions into the veins, and thence through the whole mass, lately read a paper to the Academy of Sciences on preserving meat by similar processes. It is thus alluded to in the *Literary Gazette* of April 3:—"He remarked that, under the name of gelatine, three distinct substances were commonly confounded—geline, gelée (jelly), and gelatine properly so termed. The second of these substances was deduced from the first by means of water and heat; and the third, better known as glue, from the first, by air and heat. He had found that the only two substances in animal bodies liable to putrefaction were the geline and the albumine; and it was to prevent the action of the putrefying process on these substances that his experiments had been directed. The common method of salting meat was not only slow and expensive, but did not always effect its object, and much altered the nutritive powers of the meat. The method of preserving meat by exhausting the air from it, and keeping it in hermetically closed vessels, was good in theory, but by no means easy of practice. He had discovered that the injection of an aluminous solution caused the preservation of the animal substance without altering its nutritive qualities. Neither the sulphate of alumine nor the acetate admitted of ready application, independently of their communicating an unpleasant taste, and he had therefore adopted the chloride of alumine in a very pure state, such as at 10 degrees of Baumé's areometer. With two pounds of this chemical salt, and six quarts of distilled water, a liquid fit for all purposes of this kind would be obtained, and it required only three pounds' weight of this liquid to inject a whole ox. The method was this: The carotid artery and jugular vein



were opened simultaneously, so as to allow as much blood as possible to escape; a syphon was then introduced, downwards, into the carotid artery; the jugular vein was closed by ligature, and the injection was made. When the animal was perceived to be sufficiently injected, the syphon was withdrawn, and the artery tied up; after twenty minutes the body might be skinned and cut up according to the usual methods, only the bones and the fat might be left along with the flesh, being equally preserved from decomposition by the injection. The only part of the animal spoiled by the injection was the lungs. The flesh might then be hung up in the open air, if flies were carefully prevented from depositing their eggs in it, and the meat would keep in this way a long time perfectly fresh and good. If the meat were to be kept for a very long period, it would be necessary to wash it with a solution of chlorure of sodium at 10 degrees, and chlorure of alumine; and the meat should then be hung up in a current of hot air in a chimney-corner. When dried, the meat, thus prepared, should be put in casks hermetically closed. Such meat, before being cooked, should be soaked in water for twenty-four hours. If, however, the meat was to be kept fresh (not dried), it should be piled up in casks, and a saturated solution of chlorure of sodium, or of common salt, should be poured over it to prevent it from getting mouldy. All such meat should be boiled only half the time that newly-killed meat required. He had fed some dogs for three months on meat so prepared, and had found it perfectly nutritious. Many improvements and modifications would, he had no doubt, be introduced into his method when it came to be applied on a large scale, but he was sanguine as to its general results; and he produced specimens of meat preserved fresh in this way for two and three years. A commission was named to report on this process."

#### HIGHLAND TRADITIONS.

IN the number of the Statistical Account of Scotland noticed by us a fortnight ago, under the head Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, the author offers some traditional anecdotes of the clan Gun, a name apparently identical with that of Gwynne among the Welsh. These traditions are curious, and give a vivid idea of the unruly manners of a past age.

"Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the chief of the clan Gun was George Gun, who lived in feudal dignity in his then impregnable castle of Halbury; but he was better known as the *Crowner Gun*, or, as he was called by the Highlanders, '*N's Brai-tach-mor*,' from a great brooch which he wore as the badge or cognisance of his office of crowner. He had a deadly feud with the chief of the Keiths; and having met in St Tyre's chapel for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation, but without success, they there solemnly agreed to decide their quarrel, if they could not do so amicably on a future day, by equal combat between twelve sons or relatives of each chieftain. This compact was concluded by mutual vows, accompanied with religious rites within the chapel, that the meeting would take place in a solitary part of the country, where no interruption could occur, and the escort of each leader was fixed at twelve armed horsemen. The crowner had been twice married, and had a numerous family of sons; but some of them resided in Sutherland, and it was also agreed that he should form his party there, and proceed into Caithness with them by the Strathmore route, while the Keiths would move, on the appointed day, towards the confines of Sutherland, and in the same direction, so that the two parties would meet in a retired district, remote from any chance of being disturbed. The chiefs, each followed by twelve horses and their riders, came within sight of each other on the appointed route, and soon thereafter met at a burn called Alt-na-gawn, below the glen of Strathmore. The crowner and the leader of the Keiths approached each other in full armour; but it was soon discovered by the Guns that there were two riders on every horse in the party of the Keiths, and consequently the latter party had twenty-four men opposed to the twelve followers of the crowner. This vile stratagem instantly revealed to the Guns that their destruction, by unfair means, was determined upon. They scorned, notwithstanding the great odds against them, to retreat before their enemies the Keiths; and both parties dismounting, the huge double-handed sword, and other formidable weapons of the period used in close combat, were furiously and destructively wielded, amidst horrid imprecations, and remorseless vows of each clan's never-dying vengeance, which raised to madness the rage of the combatants.

The Guns fought most desperately, but could not withstand the great odds that opposed them; and after a long-continued struggle, the survivors on both sides were so much exhausted, that the combat was mutually dropped—the Keiths being so far the victors as to leave the field with their banner displayed, and to be able to carry with them their slain companions; while in the ranks of the Guns, the crowner and seven of his party were killed, and the remaining five were all severely wounded. The Keiths proceeded to Dilred Castle, in Strathmore, then occupied by Sutherland of Dilred, where they were hospitably entertained. The five surviving Guns, who were all sons of the crowner, also retired, but tarried at another stream, since then called Alt-Torquill, after Torquill Gun, one of the survivors, who there dressed the wounds of his brothers. Towards evening, Henry-beg, the youngest of the surviving brothers of the Guns, proposed that they should follow the Keiths, and endeavour to obtain revenge, even by stratagem

such as the Keiths had recourse to; but his brothers considered such a step as leading to their certain destruction. Henry, however, could not be restrained from his purpose, and swore that he never would rest until he should kill a Keith, and recover possession of his father's sword, helmet, shirt of mail, and brooch of office, which the Keiths had taken off the dead body of the crowner. Two of the brothers were so severely wounded that they could not move to any great distance, but the other two accompanied Henry, who arrived at Dilred Castle soon after nightfall. On approaching the castle, its wooden windows or shutters were found open, and around a large fire in the lowest apartment the survivors of the Keiths were quaffing bumpers of ale; and Henry, who went close to one of the windows, heard them narrate, with boisterous delight, the losses sustained by the Guns. The chief of the Keiths, not apprehensive of any danger, accidentally approached the window where Henry stood, and the latter then bent his bow, and in another instant his arrow pierced the chieftain's heart; Henry at the same time boldly accompanying the deadly flight of his arrow with the exclamation (afterwards used in the North Highlands as a proverb) of "The Gun's compliments to Keith." The old chief dropped down dead; a panic seized the other Keiths; and the three Guns, having darted forward to the door of the castle, slew some of the first persons who ventured out by it; but finding that they could not retain their position long, Henry and his two brothers retired silently under cover of the darkness of the night, and hurried back to the assistance of the other brothers, who had been unable to accompany them."

We think we have seen good romances and ballads turning upon worse anecdotes than the following, which occurs in the article on Wick (county Caithness):—"The last of the male line [of the Cheynes], Sir Reginald, is yet, under the designation of Morar na Shien, famous in the Highland districts as a mighty hunter. He was most anxious for a son to heir his vast estates; and when his wife, Mary, brought him a daughter, he ordered, in a paroxysm of fury, the child to be destroyed. It was, however, conveyed away; and a little sister escaped, in a similar manner, the rage of her twice disappointed father. Years rolled on, and Morar na Shien often lamented his childless condition. At length, on some public occasion, a great festival was held, at which Sir Reginald noticed two young ladies who far outshone the rest of the company. Morar na Shien expressed his admiration, and lamented to his wife his cruel infatuation, by which he had been deprived of daughters, who, had they been allowed to live, would have been about the age of these peerless beauties. Mary de Cheyne hastened to confess her justifiable disobedience to her husband's orders, and introduced the young ladies to him as his own daughters. Overpowered with joy, Sir Reginald de Cheyne acknowledged them as his, and constituted them heiresses of his extensive possessions."

#### A PUBLISHER'S PRIZE.

IN a late edition of Fielding's Novels, we find the following passage respecting the author's sale of Tom Jones to the original publisher:—

"Fielding having finished the manuscript of Tom Jones, and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety both to know at how high a rate his labours were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends to whom he had shown his manuscript, that it should at least produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes, seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation.

"And will you give me no means of hopes?" said he in a tone of despair.

"Very faint ones, indeed, sir," replied the bookseller; "for I have scarcely any that the book will move."

"Well, sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it; and, little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it."

"Well, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your '*Jones*,' and in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it. The book will not move; it is not for the public; nor do I think that any inducement can make me offer you more than twenty-five pounds for it."

"And that you will give for it?" said Fielding, quickly.

"Really, I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the twenty-five pounds; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript."

"I will see what I can do," replied the bookseller. Our author, returning homeward from this unpromising visit, met his friend Thomson, the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript he had formerly shown him stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honourably, to cancel it, and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser whose purse would do

more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the manuscript very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went in company with him to Mr Andrew Millar, a popular bookseller of that day. Mr Millar was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she, having perused it, bade him by no means let it slip through his fingers. Millar, accordingly, invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Millar, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than two hundred pounds for it." "What!" exclaimed Fielding; "two hundred pounds!" "Indeed, Mr Fielding," returned Millar; "indeed, I am sensible of your talent, but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; "two hundred pounds, did you say?" "Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit, but my mind is made up, and I cannot give more." "Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, "to ask you—whether—you—are—so—serious?" "Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel." "Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by Tom Jones, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr Fielding's sons."

The publication of such a statement as this, admitting it to be true, which we greatly doubt, is in some measure calculated to raise an impression, that authors who sell manuscripts are an unfortunate and ill-used class of mortals, while the publishers are the only and real gainers. To obviate the chance of any such impression, it should be explained that this case of Tom Jones was a mere happy hit on the part of Mr Millar; and for every such successful speculation, we venture to say that he had ten upon which he did not realise a penny. The business of publishing is exceedingly precarious, and few are lucky enough to make money by it. We could mention the names of dozens of works for which authors were paid, that proved a dead loss to those who speculated upon them. These are the blanks, however, of which nothing is heard; society only hears of the prizes.

#### WOMAN THE NATURAL ADVISER OF MAN.

ON this subject, we find the following remarks in a newspaper:—"Husbands, in general, mistake the nature of the dominion granted them over their wives, and absurdly fancy they thence have a right to be tyrants; but the proper dominion of a man over his wife is not to make her a slave. The use of this dominion is to preserve order and peace in the family, for which end the husband's will is to be obeyed, when it happens conscientiously to differ from the wife's. But though, for the sake of peace, the man's will is to be the rule, the wife is his natural adviser and counsellor, whose opinion he should always listen to and follow, if he find it more just and reasonable than his own. It is contrary to the laws of God and nature for a husband to require blind obedience from his wife. But many men foolishly imagine this dominion gives them such a superiority over women, as renders the whole sex despicable, in comparison with themselves. Such ignorant men will not suffer their wives to reason with them, because they are women; and crown their despotic triumphs by asking, 'How should a woman know any thing?' This procedure is so absurd, so ridiculous, that where it is to be found, the husband may properly be said to want common sense. Some stupid and tyrannical husbands pretend to a miserable kind of low wit; and, for want of invention, can never bring forth a jest but at the expense of their wives. All the state invectives against the sex are trumped up by these heroes to abuse their wives with. And as such doughty champions, without antagonists, must always appear victorious, women are thus abused to their faces: while, for very sensible and decent reasons, they either dread or refuse to defend themselves; which so plume these triumphant gentlemen, that at length they turn their stupid jest into earnest, and thence really acquire a shameful and natural contempt of women. We would, however, remind them, in the words of Bishop Horne, that 'men themselves, who have all the authority in public, cannot yet by their deliberations establish any effectual good, without the concurring assistance of women to carry them into execution.'"

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